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OFFICIAL CITY PAPER

Daily Biblical Quotation

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1920.

The Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded. Isa. 50:7.

On the faithfulness relying.

We may boldly meet the foe.

All his heavenly power displaying.

While we come defended by.

God will save us.

And our enemies shall know.

Therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed. Isa. 50:7.

The esteemed Ardmoreite is scared into a blue funk. It is shrieking for the democratic "reds," "pro-Germans," and "disloyalists" to forget the past and come to the help of their party. The esteemed Ardmoreite don't seem to be able to get the fact fixed in his mind that it isn't the party of these gentlemen which is sinking for the third time.

A good many inquisitive persons are asking information concerning one Franklin D. Roosevelt. As we understand it, Franklin D. is not making any more campaign speeches, since that "break" about carrying around a lot of the league votes in his vest pocket. That speech of Frank's came so near involving the administration in diplomatic difficulties that the young man was yanked from the platform.

PARTISANS ARE RELEASED.

Gov. Cox in announcing that he was not the candidate of any party but of the people released all democrats from partisan obligations and in doing so performed a real service, unintentional though it may have been.

While the contest this year is between the democratic and republican organizations, because in no other way is it possible to decide a great issue; the issue itself is not between democrats and republicans, but between nationalists and internationalists, between those who seek to perpetuate the republic and those attempting to subvert it; between those who believe in popular government and those who frankly advocate autocratic government.

Never was there as little justification for partisan fervor as in the present campaign; never such an inspiring call for men and women to think in terms of patriotism instead of in terms of a partisan organization. We have said on previous occasions, we repeat—republicans who favor internationalism and want this country involved in the league of nations, should support Gov. Cox openly and actively. While all citizens devoted to the perpetuation of the republic and its sacred traditions, should support Senator Harding.

Nor does the personality of either gentlemen have anything at all to do with the matter. Each represents an idea so much larger and more important than himself that the individual is lost sight of completely.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SENATE QUIZ.

Opinions will differ on most subjects to be sure, but we fancy there is unanimous agreement that between a campaign fund of whatever proportions, raised by voluntary subscription, and a campaign fund of whatever proportions wrung from underpaid female clerks in the government service, the latter is by all means the most indefensible.

Even Senator Reed, prosecutor for Gov. Cox, was forced to indulge an indignant remark against the practice as girl after girl testified she had been assessed \$40 by the Cox campaign committee.

Men and women outside official circles are under no compulsion to subscribe to campaign expenses. When they do, it is indicative of a very keen desire to bring about a change in existing government. But when those holding commissions under a party seeking to retain office are assessed a certain sum, the warning is clear and unmistakable: "Pay or get out." Of course no discretion is left them, they pay to hold their jobs. That is the sinister purpose of the practice.

Evidently the democratic idea is that the senate investigating committee was constituted to serve the administration only. After the Cox charges had fallen flat for want of substantiating evidence, after every "lead," no matter how absurd, had been followed for days, the proposal was made by the majority of the committee that it adjourn to meet at Pittsburgh for the purpose of inquiring into charges that the liquor men and liquor interests are contributing extensively to the Cox campaign fund and that violations of the prohibitory law are permitted in certain federal districts and the accruing profits split with the democratic committee. The democratic members of the senate committee opposed such proposal violently.

SORGHEUM MAKING TIME.

From Parkhill comes the report that a great sorghum crop is being harvested and that mills and evaporators are starting business.

Memories! With Indian summer time came the leisurely activity that always marked the beginning of the real work of filling the cellar bins and barrels. There was time to be had from the windfalls, the first step towards filling the vinegar barrels and apple butter jars. For weeks the signs of the delicious cellar were conspicuous upon the dining table, to be partaken of as frequently as the desire impelled. There were no restrictions upon the children of the household as long as the cider remained sweet, but when it developed even the slightest "kick" it was taboo. Freshwaterism did not tolerate "hard" cider.

Later, the bins in the cellar must needs be cleaned and overhauled. Here one for the "wine-makers" there one for the "grain-makers" another for the "seedlings" and others for the "Kendall's" and the "Honeybees" and the "Honeybees" never lasted long enough to find their way into the cellar.

Gathering the pumpkins and the winter squash followed along with the turnips, the parsnips, sweet and Irish potatoes. Later, when the first cold wave swept down from the north, turning the spring creek, which ran hard by, into a shiver of crystal ice, the pumpkins were fired, the stoves (brown in to be heated red hot) before being dumped into the waiting barrels to raise the water to just the right temperature for scalding the hats without "setting" it, and the snap of rifle at the penitents' joyful childhood that hog-killing time had arrived, and that soon the lard barrels would be filled, the smoke-house hung thick with odorous joints and sides, and the daily urge be given to keep the smudge of hickory chips ever busy piling the white smoke up among the rafters.

But it was sorghum-making time, during the delightful September days just ahead of the first frost, that all looked forward to. Old "Puss" was hitched to the mill-sweep, and soon had a toe-path clearly marked in a circle about the device, while one of the boys, sitting on a stool before the great rolls, poked a never-ending string of the canes in one side while the juice flowed freely into the waiting barrels, to be doubly strained before it went into the evaporator near by. The air was recondent with odors!

There was always a character in the neighborhood who understood the art of making sorghum just a little better than anyone else. He was the great man of the hour. With uncanny intuition he could tell at a glance just when to "draw" a "back" for the barrel. And as it foamed into the waiting receptacle, to stand for cooling before being poured into the barrels, the small members of the family, especially the "sickly" ones, if such there were, were given spoons made of the cane and urged to eat the foam, for sorghum-making time was considered the best physician known to man in those days of old. To think of it all causes a tug at the heart, a mist to rise before the eyes and a longing to spring up in the breast that, for the moment at least, renders desolate the prospect when one has rounded the half-way mark between the cradle and the tomb.

Blessed memories!

WHAT OF SCREENDOM?

That is a question that fairly shrieks at the American public as a result of the death of Olive Thomas in France.

It is charged that the French authorities accept as fact what is nothing more than suspicion. That may be, though we doubt it. After the widest charitable latitude has been given, the fact remains that one of the screen stars nestling in the lap of fame and fortune found her end like a woman of the street.

One of the best places in the world for a mother and father to keep their daughter away from is that glided bohemia where immoral profits and salaries breed immorality, and fame breeds an utter disregard for the old virtues of life. The public has received an insight into what transpires behind the screen as a result of Olive Thomas' death. But there are thousands of newspaper and theatrical folk who have permitted themselves just once to view some of the "private showings" of film characters who have long known it.

"If you would enjoy your meal, stay out of the kitchen," is an old axiom with reference to public eating houses. If you would enjoy your motion picture show, stay from behind the screen.

The most tremendous story of recent months was published Sunday by the Kansas City Star. It was the report of the special investigation into the conduct of the Leavenworth military prison made to Judge John C. Pollock. This report shows that the prison, containing several hundred men, was "governed" by as perfectly organized a society as any operating in Russia, that this society defied all authority, murdered prisoners who objected to its rule with the full knowledge of the officers, and was recognized by Secretary of War Baker. The Star story should be read by every patriot in the land, and especially ex-service men. It constitutes one of the damnable chapters of Wilsonism of which there are scores as yet unpublished.

The dispatches indicate that another Superman is breaking under the strain of attempting to make the folks accept the league. It was just before entering Oklahoma that the other one began chasing chickens, so the faithful need not be surprised if this one also is started back home before he fills his Oklahoma date. God is still in his heaven, even though the government at Washington is wobbling.

The result of the recent primary elections should give Senators Gore and Reed several pauses before they finally take the stump for the man who stands for the league and is pledged to deliver whatever the president promised.

Oklahoma Outbursts

By Otis Larson.

The considerable attention given republican speakers in Oklahoma this year is just another straw which shows how the coast is working.

It is said that Scott Ferris, primary campaign manager, drew down \$300 a week, and now, in the light of events transpiring throughout the state, Ferris is beginning to wonder if Mr. Will Hays did not overdo the job.

If the Ferris campaign committee could afford to pay \$300 a week, would it not be well for that senatorial sleuthing committee to direct its attention towards Oklahoma for a spell?

Politics is becoming such a serious matter that the McAlister News-Capital believes all political meetings should be opened with prayer. Some of them sure do need divine guidance.

The girl on South Main says the reason county fairs are so popular with women this year is that all of the women have something nice to show.

The bond law law which greeted Teddy Roosevelt's reference to it is a pretty good picture of what the public at large think of Governor Cox's campaign fund charges.

Congressman Hastings offers three cash prizes—\$100, \$50 and \$25—for the first three county organizations to put him across a winner in the November election. If this is not bribery then some democratic ought to muzzle Governor Cox.

The lull is held in such high respect in Henryetta that narcotic peddlers are using the good luck as a hiding place for dope. Probably the peddlers would never have been discovered if someone had not carelessly knocked a bill off the shelf.

Barometer of Public Opinion

The Roosevelt Speech.

Editor World: I want to thank you for the word report of Colonel Roosevelt's speech last night made to a grand crowd of representative citizens of this city. What is it we are proud of, ye of the Wilson faith? Proud to be Americans, pitted against your doctrine of internationalism. Proud to be followers and supporters of men who can tell the truth, and who have faces rather than lies and supposition to back their speeches.

Colonel Roosevelt, Jr., is a man, an American, and a fighter from a fighting family, yet were his name John Jones rather than Roosevelt, he told the truth.

He needed not to assume the tactics of one-time Boss Cox or Charles Chaplin to hold his audience. Plain truth did it.

A recent correspondent of the Tribune complains that Colonel Roosevelt is "traveling on a name." Yes, old dear, he is traveling on a name—the name of plain, decent, representative, constitutional government, the kind of government that American men, like his father helped to make, and uphold, and which Wilsonites are trying to give away to satisfy their longing to dip their fingers in the international soup.

Understand, I accuse no one of trying to sell the U. S. A.—they want to give it away. Woodrow Wilson has killed the real democratic party, and I think that Baker, Burleson, Daniels, Colby, House, and some more of the clan, are a fine bunch of pall bearers for the corpse to be carried to its grave by.

Now just one question—Brother James Cox, will you kindly officiate as sexton?

A. E. CLARK.

An Orangeman Writes.

Editor—I hear so much now about Ireland, and how much the people are abused by English rule, that I want to say to the American Sinn Féin that we had better let England alone and attend to our own business. What is it our affairs if England don't want to let Ireland? That country belongs to England, and you would naturally think that the people of Ireland were murdered, lynched or crucified by the English government. Now I was born in Belfast, Ireland, and I believe I know a little something about the Irish people. I have been all over the land of Erin and know something about her people, and I believe that not one of the people who is writing to The Tulsa World about Ireland is a credit to any home rearing families that are a credit to any home. They believe in education and when they come to this country you can pick them out from the other people of the southern part of Ireland, where you will see a very dissatisfied class of people that are not quite up to the standard of their northern brothers. And let me say, some day the United States of America will have the same trouble with her Irish citizens that England is having now.

Mr. Editor I don't live here in Tulsa, but come here very often. I am an old brother and live in New York, and I have seen some of the St. Patrick day parades which, when seen, will give you a good idea of the Irish situation, and you can judge for yourself. Now I suppose this writing will not suit everybody, but if you can hear about the way Ireland is treated, and I think that the way that Terence MacSwiney is starving himself is very foolish. What is he trying to do? Does he think that he will be a martyr to die of starvation when he refuses to eat food when food is offered him? Or does he think that the friends of Irish freedom will rally to his side and fight for his freedom and the Irish cause? No, Ireland is now what she has always been, and always will be, a part of England, and ruled by England. A reader of The Tulsa Daily World who lives in New York.

A. H. M.V., An Orangeman.

Drumright, Sept. 10.

THE LARGE FAMILY.

(Copyright, 1920, by Edgar A. Guest.)

Time was we seldom howled to care, the family was so small. And grief went we'll down the way an' never stepped to call. We heard of sorrow here an' there an' saw times constant change. But it was all so far away an' seemed so very strange. That joyously we lived our lives, scarce thinking we must know The sorrows others had to bear, but that was long ago.

And now the family has grown, its circle stretches wide. And very often howl our hearts by care and grief are tried. We've many hands who share our love, and some of them are old. Soon by the Shepherd to be called into the Heavenly fold. And we have bowed our heads in grief and lived those days of woe. Which seemed so strange to us back then in that glad long ago.

We've drawn the shades against the sun, we've said the last good-bye. We understand just what it means to see a loved one die. For as the family larger grows, more oft we come to care.

And yet our joys have multiplied, glad smiles have brightened the years. And love and laughter we have known to pay us for our tears.

THE WET BAIT WILL SCARE AWAY THE WOMEN AND THE LEAGUE BAIT WILL SCARE AWAY THE MEN

(Copyright, 1920, By The Chicago Tribune.)



Margaret Garrell's Husband

By JANE PHILLIPS

A Surprising Announcement Chapter XXXII.

When dinner was over, before we had left the table, John told us that he and Elmer Farnsworth were to be married very soon. Such a time as we had after that! The boys were absolutely all I have in the world.

No, Margaret, you still have Bob. I still have faith that in the end you will win out.

"But you know that Bob has changed. He is so quiet. He never jokes and laughs any more—at home. He is like he was when his mother died, only he has added absolute indifference to his sadness."

"Yes—he has changed," she admitted. "But you must not let that discourage you."

"It does, horribly," I answered. "It may be my fault entirely that we have made such a failure of our married life, but I have tried so hard even when I was trying in a mistaken way. Still I shall keep on trying until the last minute of the last day of the year he has granted me."

It was not the thought of any present unfaithfulness that tormented me. The coarser forms of love had never entered into my thoughts of Bob. I had long ago become convinced that it was intellectual affinity was the thing I had all along feared and dreaded for him.

Like too I think feared this and so encouraged me in my efforts to improve myself. I never wasted a second at this time. I studied, I read, I practiced. Bob was fond of a wave of hope would envelop me. He was often out in the evening, music, and occasionally now I would play a little for him.

But often I grew cold at the thought of losing Bob. The next day at such times would get his dinner in town. I felt a wild unreasoning hatred of that Bohemia which he frequented—with Charlotte Keating as a companion. I longed to take Bob and run away from it all. To go to some place where home, wife, children, satisfied all the cravings of his nature. I wanted at other times to drug myself so that I couldn't think.

But I kept doggedly at the task I had set myself. On the long evenings when I sat alone I studied and read. I myself had begun to take an interest in my studies, out of proportion to my feeling when I commenced. They began to appeal to me, not as a means to an end, but because they interested me. I saw how much I had missed of the good things of life as my mind grasped the thoughts of others. My thoughts which left an indelible impression on my mind. Yet there were days when I could scarcely take my mind from my own perplexities, and when I wondered if ever I could be reconciled to failure. The very thought frightened me, and I would run to the nursery and as carefree play with my darling boys until their tiny loving hands had stilled the hurt.

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Bennies' Notebook

Skippy Martin was setting on his front steps this afternoon and when I came up he quick stuck something in his back pocket, me thinking, G. maple sugar candy.

Being one of my most favorite kinds and I eat there a while talking about different things, but not maple sugar, and after a while I said, Hay, Skippy?

Wait and Skippy Martin, and I said, Do you like maple sugar?

No, it's too sweet, why? said Skippy, and I said, O, just because. And pretty soon I said, Well if you had a hunk of maple sugar candy rite now would you even eat it?

No, I wouldn't take the trouble, why? said Skippy.

O, I don't know, well if you had a hunk would you give it to me soon or then go to all the trouble of eating it? I said.

Sure I would, why? said Skippy, and I said, O no reason, will you leave me scratch you rite now to see if you got any?

I'll leave you scratch me for a sent, I ain't going to leave anybody scratch me for nothing, said Skippy.

And I gave him a sent, on account of a sent being cheap for maple sugar candy nowadays, and I started scratch him, leaving the back pocket till last as if it was at my own side without me having say him stick anything in it, and all he had in his side pockets was string and buttons and cork and stuff, and all he had in his back pocket was a round leather pocket book the color of maple sugar candy, me thinking, Aw heck, darn it, G.

And Skippy put the sent in the pocket book alongside of 2 more sent, and I had a crackle, saying, Hay, Skippy, do you want to scratch me for a sent?

No, said Skippy.

Wich he didn't.

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